

A Copy of Verses Humbly Presented to

All my Loving MASTERS and MISTRESSES, in *Holborn-End-Division*,
in the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*.

By **Thomas Bamber, Bellman.**

28. Dec. 1692 The PROLOGUE.

*Masters, as Christmas comes but once a Year,
So oft your Bell-man does in Verse appear;
And with good Wishes hopes to recompence,
His loving Masters kind Benevolence.*

*He begs his mean Endeavours now may find,
A kind Reception, as they're well design'd:
And for his Muses Errors he intends,
His watchful Care at Night shall make amends.*

On the King's Birth-Day.

This is a joyful day, a day of Birth,
It brought to us the Heroe of the Earth,
England's Champion, who in the Wars hath been,
But thanks to God, he's safe return'd again:
Let this day be proclaim'd with one consent,
Joy to King *William* and the Parliament,
That Every day their Meetings might advance,
For *England's* good, and downfall of proud *France*.

To the King.

Go on Great *William*, till thy very Name,
Serve to Eclipse Great *Alexander's* Fame:
Poets have too much flatter'd his Deserts,
He ore-came Nations, but you conquer Hearts:
Thou *Moses*, *Gideon*, *David* of our Land,
Go on and know no end of thy Command;
May distant Nations to thy Scepter bow,
And Lawrels still be fresh upon thy Brow.

On St. Thomas's Day.

Faith, on which Basse all Religion stands,
None knows without it, God or his Commands:
Our Saviour, to St. *Thomas*, did appear,
And show'd the Wound where *Longinus* pierc'd his Spear,
And on his injur'd Side his Finger laid,
To prove his Resurrection from the Dead.
Then let us all believe, that we may have,
A blessed Call to Heaven from the Grave.

On Christmas-Day.

This day our Saviour took his Glorious Birth,
To drive the subtle Serpent from the Earth,
Who by polluted Stratagems design'd,
To bring Eternal Curses on Mankind,
Till the Almighty from his Throne look'd down,
And saw his Image towards Destruction run,
Sent his blest Son the Serpent to destroy,
And lead Mankind to Everlasting Joy.

On St. John's Day.

St. *John* that Holy Evangelist Divine,
Whose Gospel over all the World doth shine:
Converted Heathens, was Christ's Bosom Friend,
And Preached Pardon to all that did offend:
Gifts of the Spirit, God to him had given,
And now remains a blessed Saint in Heaven.

On New-Years Day.

SEE by the Circulation of one Year,
How fast Time flies, how swift is his Career.
The VVife, the Foolish, Cowards, and the Brave;
By-time are hurried to the silent Grave.
Now since the prospect of another Year,
To our dim Eyes do hopefully appear,
Our future Time let us in Prayers imploy,
To fit our Souls for Everlasting Joy.



To the Constable.

Master, if Tribute is to *Cæsar* due,
There's some to You that represent's him too;
And Noble Sir, attend the State you bear,
Behold your humble Beadle's waiting here,
Do like the Yeomen of your Guard appear,
Then let your Bellman be your Trumpeter:
I'll sing and echo all your Praises Round,
Loud as my Bell can Ring, or Voice can found.

To my Masters.

Kind Sirs, whose Bounty yearly is bestow'd,
For the Promotion of your Bellman's Good;
For which perpetual Prayers and Thanks are due,
To gratifie the good I find in You.
May Fortune to you always prove a Friend,
May you in Riches grow to your Lives end;
That Acts of Charity be daily done,
To fix your pious Memory when you're gone.

To my Mistresses.

Fair Mistresses, who were from Heaven sent,
To Crown Man's Life with Pleasure and Content:
May you, as Heaven design'd all Blessings prove,
And make your Husbands happy in your Love.
Brave Sons and Daughters many may you Raise,
To your own Comforts and your Maker's Praise;
That the whole World may by your Offspring see,
Good Heaven hath blest you with Felicity.

On Stormy Weather.

Rear store of Wind with Hail and Rain,
This Summer did produce,
Corn and Grass upon the ground,
Almost unfit for use.
The Earth did quake and tremble fore,
To show the Judge was at the Door;
Then let us daily for our Sins repent,
Since God in Mercy on us doth relent.

On the great Thunder & Lightning. in June 1692.

THY Power, O Great *Jehovah* I adore,
Whose Voice in Thunder thro the Skies do roar,
Thy Voice I'll entertain with awful Fear
With greater awe I will thy threatnings fear:
Thy Lightnings which doth pierce where 'tis not felt,
It spares my Body, but my Heart shall melt:
Much more thy Spirit shall, whose Flame Divine,
Consume our Lusts, but do our Souls Refine.

On Sin.

Remember then the best and worst of Sin,
Thy Flesh, and Satan take delight therein,
Both thy fore Enemies: but then believe
It wounds thy Soul, and doth Gods Spirit grieve:
Satan and Sin their Servants do destroy,
God to his Servants give Eternal Joy:
Wherefore, O Lord, I yield my self to thee,
Let not Sin have Dominion over me:
Thy easie Yoke I'll wear, when that's laid down,
Let thy free Grace vouchsafe a glorious Crown.

By all my falls upon this slippery ground,
Grant that I nearer may to Heaven rebound,
And let all Streams of Comfort here below,
Up to the Fountain lead me whence they flow:
Let Faith and Love, and Longings raise my Heart,
Up to the blissful place where Lord thou art:
Let my chief Joy spring from this Faith and Love,
Till I ascend to thee in Joies above.

Breath thou upon me with that Heavenly wind,
Which may refresh and purifie my mind,
Kindle within me, and preserve that Fire,
Which may with holy Love my Breast inspire,
And with an active Zeal my mind enflame,
To do thy Will, and glorifie thy Name,
Furnish me richly both with Gifts and Grace,
That I in Heaven attain a dwelling place.

Small is that Christian's Faith that fears to dye,
When Life is promis'd and Eternity,
Happy that Soul which dyeth unto Sin,
And unto Righteousness is born again,
Death is pregnancy Womb Regeneration,
First, born to dye an Heir unto Salvation:
Death is the Turn-key for to let thee in
The Gate of Life, if thou be dead to Sin:
So live to dye, that thou mayst dye to live,
And wear the Crown God shall the Faithful give.

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